



Revengeful Spanking Bondage Predicament

Before her captive's strength returned, Valerie bound her once again. This time, she placed her with her back to a door. Carefully, and so very tautly, Valerie fastened one wrist to a fixture at the door's top, twining the ropes snugly into the tender flesh of the girl's wrist.

Zita's other hand was tied to the knob of the door and she stood, once again, completely at the disposal of her captor. Valerie stooped and bound Zita's ankles together. She then replaced the cloth gag with one that was much more irritating.

Zita made an effort to speak, when Valerie took off the gag, saying, "Please, what are you doing this for? Why are you punishing me? I was only doing my duty at the reformatory-- I was only....." Further talk was quickly silenced, as Valerie forced a vicious ball-gag into the girl's mouth and fastened it securely with thongs of rope around Valerie's neck.

"Doing your duty, indeed!" Valerie said. "I suppose it was your duty to leave me standing all night, tied to the wall, unable to sit or lie down. I suppose it was your duty to keep me tied like that till you were good and ready to free me."



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"No, Zita," Valerie continued, "You and Andrea did it because you knew that I was sent to the reformatory unjustly and you wanted me to make trouble, to try to escape, to do anything that might show that I was some kind of a criminal. You made things so miserable for me, that I almost went mad."

"That's when I thought of this idea--the idea of luring you and Andrea to my place here in the country. And now you are both my prisoners--and we will have such fun together."

Zita heard these words and despair entered her heart. It shown from her eyes and it could be heard in her muffled moans. Zita was a pitiful sight, standing so disconsolately against the door. Her long, dark hair was disheveled, her blouse disarranged. Her mouth was widely distended by the ball-gag, which filled it completely and strained the muscles of her jaws.

Zita's one shoulder ached from the position of her arm, bound so tightly above her head. Her legs were cramped from standing so still for so long and the cords at her ankles grew ever more irritating. She wondered what Valerie would do to her next.



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Valerie let Zita stand as she was and worry. She left Zita alone in her cruel bondage and went to visit her other prisoners. Andrea stood in a stall shower, her arms hitched high above her.

Andrea shuddered in terror at Valerie's approach. Valerie removed her own clothing and stepped close to the strung-up victim. She teased Andrea, as she added to her bondage, saying, "Now for you, honey, a nice bath--won't you enjoy that?"

"It should remind you of the time you put me in that steam cabinet and left me there all day," continued Valerie. "The rubber jacket I have put on you should serve the same purpose as the steam cabinet did for me. We'll make the water nice and hot--and you'll sweat plenty, I assure you."

Andrea could do little but look on. The gag she wore prevented any argument and her bindings allowed her no freedom to fight. Valerie added another rope about the girl's slender waist, drew it taut, then fastened it to the faucet, forcing Andrea to remain directly beneath the shower-heads. She then tightened her captive's gag, twisting it further within her





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mouth until it almost strangled the unfortunate victim.

Now Andrea was ready for her ordeal. Clothed in the garment of rubber, hands helplessly tied above her, waist secured--all was in readiness. Valerie turned on the faucet. A hot stream of water cascaded over the bound girl and she gasped at the first impact. The water streamed over her head, matting her hair, running into her eyes.

Andrea lowered her face and squeezed her eyes shut. The heat of the water soon made the rubber suit an instrument of torture. Her enclosed flesh seemed to boil, since the heat had no way of escaping, but seeped into her every pore. She pulled and tugged at the cords which held her.

Andrea shouted into the rag at her lips. Valerie merely laughed. Despite the wetness, Valerie could not resist adding to her victim's discomfort. She stepped closer to Andrea and grasped her hair. Slowly, she forced the girl's head back, making her look directly into the ceaseless stream of slashing water! Valerie jerked at the hair and twisted at the gag, causing Andrea to struggle anew against this forceful treatment.





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And the more Andrea struggled, the more her torment grew. Her exertions caused her blood to race, her body to sweat even more. And this, combined with the flowing stream of hot water, made her position unbearable.

Valerie was satisfied and she stepped from the tub, leaving the water on full and her captive squirming beneath its spary. As Valerie started to leave, she said, "Have a nice bath, dear--be sure to get nice and clean all over. I'll be back later--maybe." And laughing aloud, Valerie departed.

Valerie put on her clothes and hastened back to Zita. "Did you miss me, dear?" she teased. And Zita could only plead soundlessly for some respite from her torment. Valerie gave her none whatsoever.

When Valerie began to work at the thongs about Zita's wrist, a spark of hope glimmered in the poor girl's eyes. It died almost at once, as she soon learned Valerie's intentions. Zita was not being freed from her bondage--her position was merely being reversed. She was now being bound facing the door, in the same way as before, except that now she had difficulty seeing what was going on and the front of





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her lovely body was pressed tightly against the harsh wood.

"Didn't you know that it was time for another spanking?" Valerie taunted, as she completed tying Zita. "You've rested long enough. You seldom gave me any reprieve from pain in the school--why should you have any now?"

Zita tried her best to twist around. She mumbled against the ball that parted her lips--the hairbrush was back in Valerie's hand, and it began once more to do its tormenting task. Zita's hips moved like some exotic dancer, as she vainly sought to evade the whacking punishment.

Valerie enjoyed this immensely and she soon found a new way to harass her prisoner. She would make sure that Zita was watching the brush. She would swing it viciously, but stop it short of its goal. Zita would writhe involuntarily, jerk at the tethers of her wrists, try to pump her legs--and her frantic motions caused her much more anguish than the spanking itself!

Zita's upraised hand grew numb as each pull tightened the knots. The front of her body bruised itself against the wood of the door as



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she would lunge forward. Her arm that was fastened to the knob began to ache. The ropes at her ankles chafed her tender flesh with every jerk of her legs.

Valerie thought that this was great sport and she continued teasing the panic-stricken girl for an endless time--until Zita's movements slackened and her body hung limp from exhaustion!

"You look very tired, Zita dear," Valerie said, "and you're sweating something awful. Wouldn't you like to lie down awhile? Of course you would. And you know that I am doing all I can to make you comfortable." But Valerie's tinkling laugh told Zita to expect no such kindnesses from her.

"While you are resting," Valerie continued, "I'll fix your guard chief, Judy, who issued the orders in the reformatory school, which you and Andrea carried out." Valerie then left Zita to her misery and took off her dress to work on Judy.

Valerie tied Judy's wrists behind her and led her to a long wooden bench. She stripped the girl down to her white underthings and laid her flat upon a low bench.





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Valerie removed the cords from Judy's wrists, twisted her arms beneath the bench and rebound them there, pinning Judy flat on her back. She made a gag with folds of cloth, which she wound around and around the girl's head, covering her mouth completely, shutting off even her air, so that she could only breathe through her nose.

Valerie bound Judy's ankles securely, then produced a leather belt which she dangled teasingly before Judy's eyes. The bound stared in horror, knowing full well the use to which the leather straps would be put.

Valerie worked meticulously, carefully, expertly. The wide part of the leather contraption was fitted snugly between Judy's legs, then buckled to the thinner belt that was circled about her full hips. The straps were tightened to the last notch and Judy's head fell back, as she gasped her anguish.

Judy's hips felt crushed by the unyielding band that seemed to be made of steel, rather than leather. And any movement of her hips or legs brought irritating chafing surging through her thighs from the leather strap between her legs.



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Valerie was now also perspiring freely. She once again removed her dress in order to give her more freedom of motion. She tightened the ropes that held her captive's arms, till the tears in Judy's eyes told her that the bondage was sufficiently uncomfortable.

Valerie then stepped back and looked down at the supine and beautiful, though suffering young woman. She studied the gag, which muffled even the most feeble moans. She surveyed each knot at the wrists and ankles, saw that they creased the tender skin, would not come loose however the girl might fight them.

Valerie looked closely at the leather bondage that imprisoned Judy's hips, noted the tightness of each strap and she could well imagine the anguish it caused. She saw an occasional ripple stir the lithe muscles of Judy's frame and was quite certain that every bond was doing its work exceptionally well.

Valerie then moved to stand directly over the outstretched girl. She glared menacingly, as she said to her: "Now that you've had a few little samples of what your future holds, I'll let you lie here awhile and think over what else





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is going to happen to you. In your present position, you must agree, there are countless ways that I could embellish your torment. I could plug your nostrils and watch you struggle for breath."

"Getting any air through that gag would be quite a problem. I could just sit here and rock the bench you're lying on. You would roll back and forth, every thong would tighten, and the straps around your middle would give you fits. I could take off your shoes and tickle your feet. I'll bet you'd have difficulty lying still then--and you know how it bothers you to move."

"I could tie weights to your hair and to your toes, stretching you even more tightly against the wood of the bench. I could twist your arms further under you, wrenching your shoulders even more than they are now, making you arch upwards, tightening the muscles at your thighs, making the straps more irritating."

"Those are just a few of the things that could happen to you, Judy. Lie there and think about them. When I come back--well--we'll see." Saying this, Valerie left her distraught captive to her own terrifying thoughts, to think things over.





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Valerie returned to Andrea. She entered the bathroom quietly. Andrea was in a panicked frenzy. The steaming water continued to plague her. She pulled frantically against the rope about her waist and tugged relentlessly at the thongs that held her arms upraised.

Andrea's head strained backwards and Valerie could see that the water had caused her gag to shrink into a wadded cord of cloth that was almost choking her. The water splattered over the rubber garment and a shroud of steam surrounded it.

Valerie knew what was happening beneath it. The bare flesh under the rubber would be smothered in heat, nearly scalded. Then Andrea looked toward the doorway and saw Valerie. Instead of pleading, her eyes flashed angrily, speaking a silent warning.

Valerie read her thoughts and she was greatly angered by the mute threat. So this girl was not yet broken, this one was still defiant, she did not know when she was beaten. Valerie stepped into the shower and did her best to convince the soaked girl of the hopelessness of her plight. She pulled Andrea's hair wickedly.



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Valerie twisted the overly tight gag even more taut. And she would have continued tormenting Andrea, except for the super-heated spray which was now searing her own body. Well, there were other ways to continue the torture with which she was not yet finished. Her debt to these three scoundrels was not fully paid.

Valerie removed Andrea from the shower, took off her rubber shirt and dragged her into the room where Judy lay. She removed her own dripping wet slip, then proceeded with her punishment of the three girls.

Both Andrea and Judy were too weak from their ordeals to put up much of a struggle and Valerie had little difficulty positioning them for their next torment. Before either girl really knew what was taking place, Valerie had placed them on their feet, back to back, and had securely fastened their wrists to each other's.

She was doing the same to their ankles when they first began to fight back--but it was already too late. Any struggles they now made only succeeded in hurting themselves and they soon saw the wisdom of remaining quiet and





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suffering the whims of Valerie unmovingly. After she had bound their hands and feet together, Valerie twined a rope around their middles, pressing them still closer to each other.

Each cord was tight and the bound captives dared not move now, lest they topple to the floor and increase their torment. They watched in hopeless terror, as Valerie now used her favorite leather belts on them. They shuddered at the mercilessness of their captor, as they felt the straps and buckles being cleverly attached until both were imprisoned by the tortuous devices.

Between the tapering limbs of both her victims, Valerie passed the irritating chafing bands. Around their thighs and hips, the straps tightened. At the front of each girl, buckles were securely hitched and, once again, the leather had the feel, the bite, the tenacity of metal.

Breathing became a chore, movement impossible. Valerie had rendered her prisoners as completely helpless as was humanly possible and still she was not satisfied. She took a keen delight in her next move. Although Valerie had already gagged her captives, she had done it





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quickly, not nearly as efficiently as she wished. Now she remedied this situation. A ball-gag had been placed between the lovely lips of Judy and it was doing its job of silencing the girl, but Valerie did not think that it was serving its primary purpose--causing anguish.

She drew the thongs back until the ball almost disappeared into the cavity of the girl's mouth, till the lips closed over the ball and she could not breathe, much less whimper, through her mouth.

Then the bit in Andrea's mouth was attended. It consisted of a thick piece of wood, covered by adhesive tape. Valerie tugged at the cords about Andrea's head, forcing the gag deeper, widening the stretch of her full red lips. Andrea's eyes widened in panic, as she was certain that she would strangle. Now the gags were satisfactory and Valerie thought of other ways to add to her captives' bondage.

She walked all around the two girls. Their eyes followed her. She saw that their arms were not too closely fastened and immediately produced more rope. Just above their elbows, Valerie placed the cords. She pulled the knots tight, pressing their upper arms so very close





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that they seemed as one. Now the two hapless young women were completely pinned. The entire columns of their curvacious forms were tethered one to the other.

Their ankles were locked and their waists were encircled. The straps between their legs and around their hips flattened the rounded mounds of their derriers to each other's. The ropes at their wrists and upper arms finished the binding in a very conclusive manner. They both stared at Valerie with tear-filled eyes. Even Andrea lost her spark of fight. There was not a thing they could do and they were both convinced of it.

"Now, what shall we do?" Valerie taunted. "I would like to see you fall--it would be quite a sight. But it would not be any fun if I pushed you--that would not be sporting. Maybe there is some other way. Some way, where you will have a chance to stay on your feet, if you have the nerve. Do you both remember the time you took me down to the basement and what you did to me? You tied a heavy pole along my spine. It reached from the floor to the tops of my hands where you tied them. You fastened the pole to me at my ankles, knees, hips, waist, shoulders, arms and wrists."





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"Then you took off my clothes," she continued, "scattered sharp stones all over the floor, and waited to see how long it would be till I fell. You knew that once I had fallen, I would not be able to rise again--and you stood there laughing as I grew more and more tired. Then, when I did finally fall, you left me lay on the sharp stones all night, still tied to the pole. I was sore for days."

Valerie left for a moment, only to return with a strong, flat paddle. The prisoners cringed in anticipation. The paddle whacked upon Judy's thigh with the sound of a pistol shot. Judy moved violently--and every bond punished, not only her, but Andrea as well. Valerie saw the reaction and her mind returned to the fun she had had with Judy previously.

She could make these girls torture themselves without so much as laying a finger on them. Their natural reactions to the threat of being paddled could be much more punishing and would last a lot longer than actual physical chastisement. Valerie did her work with the imagination of an expert in the art of mental torture. She would wield the paddle before the eyes of Andrea, swish it through the air toward the girl's bare mid-riff.



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She would draw in her stomach, shove her hips backwards into Judy. Both girls would stagger, strain to retain their balance--and not a blow would have fallen. Valerie would then aim at Judy's shins with the flat of the paddle. The entire column of the girl's leg would jerk. Andrea's feet would be pulled and again there would be the fight to remain erect.

Valerie would swing at one girl's face--her head would thump into her comrade's. She would swing close to a hip--the jerking response would bring the straps into play and allow them to torment more cruelly.

The paddle never struck but it was a weapon well used, fully utilized, and the instrument of torment without striking a blow. Just as Judy and Andrea were about to fall in exhaustion, there was a most welcome interruption to the proceedings.

Much to Valerie's dismay and chagrin, Zita had managed to work herself free and found Valerie's gun, which she now held against Valerie. Zita freed Judy and Andrea, while Valerie looked on with hatred shining in her eyes. Quite unceremoniously, Zita guided Valerie through the house and into Valerie's



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own bed-room. She forced her to lie upon the bed, flat on her stomach, and proceeded to bind her firmly.

Zita spread Valerie's arms wide and bound them to the sides of the bed. She fixed a gag securely in the infuriated girl's mouth, pulling it tautly against the corners of her lips. She used tight cords at her knees, clamping them together with vengeance.

Zita tied Valerie's ankles and watched her erstwhile captor squirm helplessly upon the soft bed. Zita then found one of Valerie's leather contraptions and after slapping it viciously across the girl's spread-eagled body, used it as it was intended. If Valerie thought that she knew how to tighten straps securely, she now realized that someone else was more adept at it than her.

The binding leather constricted Valerie's lower body so that she dared not even quiver. She could only lie in abject terror and just hope that Zita was finished and would go away. Zita explained that she had other ideas and said:-

"You little fool! Did you really think that I would let you get away with what you did to



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me? You are only an amateur at tying ropes--I am an expert. Oh, you did fairly well, I must admit--but see if you do not think that I can do better."

"First," Zita continued, "there is the matter of a spanking. You threatened me with it, but you did not do it. You thought that you could hurt me worse with my own reflective reactions. I think that a hairbrush should be used differently. You were satisfied with making me squirm without striking me. See if you do not also squirm now!"

And the hairbrush landed with a resounding swat . . . and Valerie squirmed indeed.

The first few blows landed upon the flimsy, silken garment that offered Valerie such inadequate protection--but then Zita directed the hairbrush to another area. Valerie never knew such anguish. She tugged at the bonds at her widespread wrists. Her legs strained for freedom.

Zita placed a knee upon one thrashing leg and a firm hand upon the other, holding Valerie helplessly vulnerable. She wielded the hairbrush until her arm grew tired and her victim



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was but a quivering mass of tormented loveliness.

Zita desisted and sat in a chair to rest. Valerie's eyes never left her tormentor, lest she should return with a surprise for her. Valerie tried to speak, tried to plead with her eyes.

Her legs rose and fell, her feet twisted within the confines of her bonds. Her arms pulled against their bonds also with the same futile effect. Zita watched her writhing victim with merciless eyes and she spoke quite as mercilessly, saying:-

"You would like for me to leave, wouldn't you, my dear? Maybe I will, later. But, don't you think that I should put you through a little more punishment first? I've been thinking of tying your ankles to that hook on the strap between your legs. I could pull your legs way up, tie the rope very tightly, then watch you torment yourself by tugging at the leather."

"Or, maybe," she continued, "I should tie a thin thong to each of your big toes, then stretch them to your head and fasten the ends of the thongs to strands of your hair. That





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would make you arch your body to relieve both pulls--do you think you would be successful? But no, on second thought, there is a better way to torment you. You are much too comfortable the way you are. You would present a much more favorable target if I turned you around."

Zita did just that. She reversed Valerie's position. She pulled each of the girl's arms out to either side and fastened them to the bed very tightly. She arranged Valerie's head so that there was no support for it and it dangled off the side of the bed.

The leather remained about Valerie's hips. Her legs were not released from their very taut bonds. Valerie now lay supine, flat upon her back, suddering in expectation of further punishment to come.

Valerie's mind was filled with thoughts of what might now occur, and, try as she might, she could not cast these thoughts out. She knew that she would now be returned to the prison sanatorium, which she hated, to serve out the full sentence for parole violation and assault on the guards Zita, Judy and Andrea.

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Valerie bound her unfortunate captive to the tree with a viciousness that caused the girl to gasp and twist in fright and anguish. Valerie spoke as she worked. The trussed-up victim soon learned that she could expect no mercy here.

"I'm going to enjoy tightening every knot, Zita darling," Valerie said. "I owe you a lot and intend to pay my debt in full." And she hitched Zita's arms a little higher above her head, fixing each wrist firmly to a branch of the tree. She also tightened the gag in the helpless girl's mouth, pulling it taut against the tender corners of her lips.

"Of course," Valerie continued, "When I was your prisoner, in that so-called reformatory of yours, you had many more instruments to use on me than I have here. But I will endeavor to do my best with what I have."

And Valerie proceeded to bind Zita's ankles to the rough trunk of the tree, making certain that the method of the binding forced the girl off balance, so that she bore most of her weight from her tightly tied wrists. Zita moaned through the cloth at her lips and strained mightily at her fetters.





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Valerie merely smiled at this and walked away. In a very short time, she returned, wickedly wielding a flat, hard hair-brush. She held it before Zita's eyes and watched the terror mount.

"You and your friend, Andrea," Valerie taunted, "used worse things than this on me--remember? Then why do you cringe at the prospect of what is going to happen to you? You are just hanging by your wrists and you are fully clothed."

"Remember the time you hung me by my thumbs, with very little clothing on to give me any protection? Remember how you made me stand on tip-toe, straining every muscle in my body--and then you beat me! Do you think this will be any worse than that?"

Now, Valerie began to whack the brush with all her strength against the very vulnerable derriere of her captive. Zita could do nothing but dance in futile attempts to escape the punishment. And her every movement succeeded only in embellishing her plight. With her arms raised high above her and her legs pulled forward around the thick tree-trunk, every knot seemed to tighten with her frantic writhings.



Revengeful Spanking Bondage Predicament

Zita threw back her head and stared at the thick ropes gnawing into her wrists. She lunged forward to escape the thudding hair-brush, which never ceased for one instant to torment her. She tried to plead through her muted lips but the muffled sounds seemed only to delight her tormentor and her force mounted as the smacks resounded!

After administering the sound spanking until her arm tired, Valerie stepped back, perspiring freely. She let her eyes enjoy her victim's ordeal. She surveyed every bond closely and hoped that each was doing its work properly.

Valerie saw Zita's widespread hands open and close, the nails scraping at the bark of the tree, as she tried to ease the discomfort of her position. She noted the thongs at the girl's ankles keeping her legs parted, her body off balance.

Valerie allowed her victim to hang as she was for a long time, till she thought that Zita might faint--and the mercy of unconsciousness was not welcome here. When Zita became weak and limp, completely unable to resist, Valerie removed her from the tree and took her into the house.